

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL:
The OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
Office on Illinois Street, North of Washington.

G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, Editors.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION
Is published every Wednesday and Saturday, and during the session of the Legislature, three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at Four Dollars a year, payable always in advance.

THE WEEKLY EDITION
Is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars a year, always to be paid in advance.

\$1 in advance will pay for six months.

\$5 will pay for three copies one year.
Persons requiring \$10 in advance, free of postage, shall have three copies of the Semi-Weekly one year. \$2 will pay for six months. \$1 will always be charged for the Tri-Weekly, and 50 cents for the Weekly, during the Legislative sessions.

ADVERTISEMENTS, will be inserted three times at one dollar a square of 8 lines, and be continued at the rate of 25 cents a square for each additional insertion. Quarterly advertisements, per square, \$5. All advertisements from abroad must be accompanied by the cash; or no attention will be paid to them.

Postage must be paid.

Organized Crime in the West.

The execution of the Loggs at Rock Island, will be remembered by our readers, for its progress and catastrophe were remarkable. It will also be remembered that one of the culprits made strong accusations against a Mr. Enneny, who was then active in breaking up the organized gang of outlaws which infest the Western States, and now we find he has been arrested on some allegation of crime, but he was promptly released on bail. This circumstance has called forth the following letter, which he publishes in an Illinois paper, whose editor says he has letters testifying to his good character from many highly respectable gentlemen; and gives a startling statement of the extent of crime—and crime of the deepest hue:

Sir:—Permit me through the columns of your paper to give the public a brief sketch of the gang and extent of the gang of thieves and robbers, who have so much annoyed the peace and happiness of thousands, and been so successful in evading the law, and thwarting the ends of justice. This active, savage gang, numbering several hundred, are interspersed throughout the country, occupying almost all stations in life, from the pulpit to the brothel, and filling many important official positions. They are leagued together by secret oaths, to protect and defend each other at the risk of their lives, and it is their uniform custom, when detected in crime, to evade punishment by their well-known practice of proving an alibi, or some other equally successful perjury, and of resorting to the same expedient, to inflict punishment and bring ruin upon any one who may dare to bring to justice any member of the gang. In order to acquire a knowledge of this gang, and bring to justice such of their numbers as could ferment out, I have resorted to schemes and stratagems of a most daring and hazardous nature, which have enabled me to trace them into their most secret retreats. So successful have been my efforts, that since the 12th of May last, I have been instrumental in the arrest of ten of the most desperate men in the gang, five of whom have already paid the penalty of their crimes upon the gallows. One now under sentence of death. Three confined in Rock Island jail awaiting their trial, on charge of murder. And one Fox escaped from the custody of his keepers at Indianapolis.

I have also acquired a knowledge of the extent of the gang, with the names and places of residence of a large number of their principal leaders and station keepers. This unparalleled success has terror stricken them to the very centre. They are aware that their future safety is not consistent with my life and liberty; consequently every method is resorted to for my destruction, that the miserable wretches are incapable of resorting to. For the purpose of accomplishing their base designs, and securing their future safety, they have at this time reported to me, that they propose to perjure, in which they have now for the first time been nearly successful. I am not, however, in the least disheartened, or disposed to abandon the great object I have in view, the final overthrow of this horrid organized bandit. I have waged eternal warfare against the whole confederate gang, and nothing but the deadly bullet or the assassin's dagger shall stay my hand, until every member of the gang is forced to seek honest employment, or be driven to the dungeon or the scaffold.

I am not disposed to repine at my present embarrassed situation. It is but the fortune of war. Could not expect always to have the ascendancy against so formidable a band. I anticipated more than I have yet realized. Have not my services already been of more value to the country than my life. If so I am content, come what will.

I ever deem it the duty of any citizen when emergency require it, to sacrifice life, liberty, and happiness, for the promotion of the public good. When the whole country was horror-stricken by the many daring robberies, and midnight murders of these blood-stained assassins—when a father and his son-in-law were inhumanly butchered in Lee County, Iowa, and the murderers escaped undiscovered—when the demons fled undiscord and unpunished from the scenes of carnage on Rock Island, with their hands crimsoned in the best blood of the State—I was prompted by a sense of duty to sacrifice, if necessary, my own life to rescue from the deadly grasp of these hellish fiends the innocent who were about to fall victims to the deadly foe, as well as bring to justice the guilty wretches who had committed the horrid deeds. In this I have the satisfaction of knowing, I have done my duty and no more.

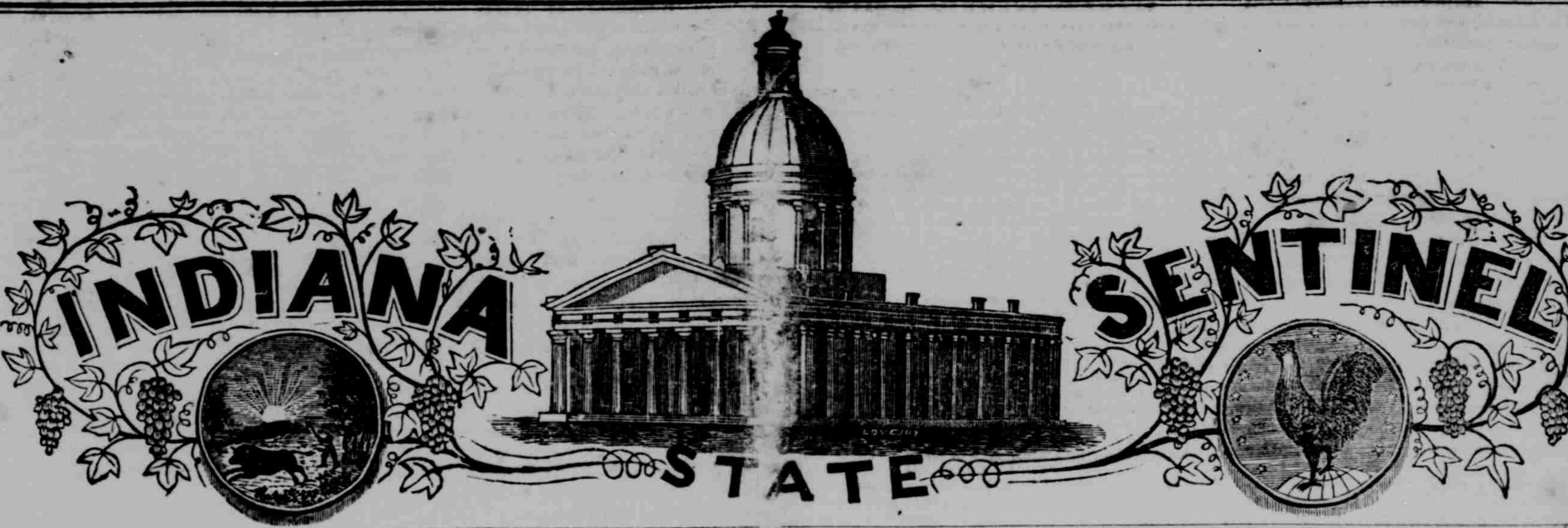
Had I declined taking any part in ferreting out and bringing to justice these demons, I might now have been in the quiet pursuit of domestic avocations of life; unless perchance I might have fallen to the lot of these daring marauders. I had long suspected of having a hand in their plot. Much more can yet be done to break up and disorganize, as well as bring to justice the remnants of this gang. Will not the public unite with the authorities in the accomplishment of this important work, and thereby restore safety to the persons and property of all?

I find a notice in the *Journal* of Jan. 1st, stating that this came to the city last week without a knowledge of this indictment, and was promptly taken into custody by the United States Marshal. This statement is incorrect. I came to Springfield with a full knowledge of the indictment and of the source from which it emanated, and requested Gov. Ford to give me an introduction to the Marshal, which he did. I intend to meet the wile wretches in whatever form they may present themselves, and defend myself against their attacks to the best of my ability, and if I fail the victim of their revenge, they will be only carrying their threats into execution, and no more than I anticipated before I aimed the fatal blow.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 3d, 1846. E. BONNEY.

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER—It has been frequently asserted and contradicted of late, that Mrs. Butler, (late Fanny Kemble,) was about to return to the English stage. After reading the following truthful and sublime lines, but recently from her pen, no one can believe that there is truth in the rumor that she is about to resume her former profession:

"How sad a thing, and strange, Life is. Oh how can any human being, who looks abroad into the world, and within upon himself, who sees the wondrous mystery of all things, be leading a life which waits on all men, the imperfection which cleaves the spirit, who notes the sovereignty of change over the imitative creation of disease, decay and death over man's body, of blindness and delusion over his mind, of sin over his soul; who beholds the frailty of good men, who feels the miserable inconsistency of his own nature; the dust and ashes of which our love, and what we love, is made; the evil that, like an unwholesome corpse, still clings to our good; the sorrow that, like its shadow, still walks behind our joy. Oh! who that sees all this can say that this life is other than sad—most sad! Yet, while I write this, God forbid that I should therefore wait eyes to see, or sense to feel, the blessings wherewith He has blessed it: the rewards with which he sweetens our task, the flowers wherewith He cheers our journey's road, the



Indianapolis, February 14, 1846.]

SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume I Number 79.

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2

2 2